Jewelry Alive—Beetles as Ornaments.

"Here is something new in the way of ornamentation," a salesman in a large up-town jewelry store said, opening a box. Out walked a monster beetle, fully four inches in length. About its body was a solid gold band, locked by a tiny padlock, to which was attached a costly gold chain, about two inches in length, fastened to a pin. The beetle's back glistened in light, having been treated to a dress of gold, and as it lumbered along its long legs worked together in a curious fashion. "It's a shawl-pin. You see the pin is used to fasten lace or a shawl, or perhaps worn on the bonnet, the insect crawling around the length of the chain. They are perfectly harmless and not expensive, as they live on air—that is, they have never been seen to eat. This one was brought here to mount, which is a very fine operation, as the legs and antennæ are all so delicate. After all, there is nothing objectionable about them, except the idea of having them crawl over you. They all come from South America, and the only lot in the city is to be taken to France, where the owner will try to introduce the fashion of wearing them. They cost from ten to fifty dollars, depending entirely on the amount of the ring. There is nothing cruel about it, as they are bound loosely, and the gold has no effect upon their hard sides."

In Brazil the fashion of wearing beetles is carried to a great extent. A well-known resident has a beetle with a collar of gold which meets at the top and is there ornamented with a diamond of great value. The insect has a cage, surrounded by the plants among which it lives in its native state, and nothing is neglected to make it as comfortable as possible. But the most popular insect used for an ornament in Brazil is a small phosphorescent beetle. These are often worn fastened in the hair, and as the two phosphorescent or light-giving spots are on the sides of the head, the black insect is, of course, invisible, especially when in the raven locks of the fair Brazilians. Twenty or thirty of these beetles will throw out a light sufficient to read by, and when arranged around the head in a circle, or grouped over the forehead and held in place, the effect is beautiful.

Several years ago a New York lady gave a masquerade ball at her summer house in Newport. The dancing was on the lawn, and the guests were requested to be there half an hour before dark. The hostess wore the costume of night, and in the daylight her black silk dress, covered with ivy leaves, did not attract special attention, but when she appeared in the gay throng after dark she presented a perfect blaze of light, and was the center of the admiring and wondering company. Tremulous waves of red and yellow flame seemed to move over her entire dress, while in a cap on her head gleamed one great fiery star. The cause of this illumination was the phosphorescent light of more than five thousand fireflies. For weeks previous to the ball the designer of the costume had been storing away fireflies, and on the day of the fete they were rapidly put on the dress. As the light-giving spot is on the ventral surface, each one was placed on its back and held down by a fine silver wire, so skillfully caught that it could not turn over or escape, and was not injured. The star was formed of many beetles.

In Jamaica a large beetle, the lampyris, is used by ladies. Some of the phosphorescent beetles used by them give out lights that have to be seen to be appreciated, and more than twenty different kinds are used, representing as many different degrees of light, shade, tint, etc. One, the pygolampis, has a rich orange color, changing to yellow, flickering in intermittent flashes of light; another, called photuris, is curious for the gradual increase of light it shows; commencing with a faint reddish hue, it rapidly grows in brilliancy, finally blazing like a torch, a rich green light, and then dying away to reappear again. They attract other light-giving beetles, and frequently numbers of lesser lights are seen flitting around them, combining red and yellow lights of the greatest brilliancy. Other uses are made of these beautiful creatures than as ornaments. Travelers have fastened them to their feet and carried them in baskets of wicker to light their way in the dark. Southey mentions this in the following lines in his poem, "Madoc:"

She beckoned, and descended, and drew out
From underneath her vest a cage, or net
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs
Which knit it, where, confined, two fireflies gave
Their luster.

Snakes have been used as ornaments, the small, inoffensive green snakes being the most popular, on account of their beauty and harmless nature. They coil around the arm, clinging on with all the tenacity of their golden, bejeweled imitators that are now so fashionable. Animals, or parts of them, although naturally the adjuncts of barbaric splendor, are greatly used in the make-up of fashionable toilets of the present day. Some of the handsomest sleeve-buttons and studs are made of polished fish-skin—sharks or dogfish being preferred, as they take a fine polish, and closely resemble the fossil coral favosite, that is also used, and when highly polished the delicate cells that were once the home of the coral polyp are distinctly visible, and as a whole resembles honeycomb.

An expensive costume was a cape made of an extremely rare hummingbird. The whole bird was hardly larger than one's thumb, and on its breast a single patch of gold was found about an inch in length. The cloak was composed wholly of these patches, and in the sunlight must have vied with golden fleece. The birds are valued at fifty dollars each.

A lady in St. Augustine created a sensation by appearing in public with a chameleon resting on her head-dress, and held there by a delicate silver chain. The little creature was perfectly tame, and made no attempt to escape; but when touched by other than its owner its throat puffed up and curious waves of color passed over the whole body, ranging from deep green to a dark brown. Small lizards are used in Egypt by some of the native ladies as ornaments, and lie half concealed in the drapery that overhangs the face. The red-clawed soldier-crabs are sometimes used in Mexico as pins. The crab is dislodged from its stolen shell and given a beautiful pearly one, or one that has been plated with gold or silver. Fastened to the lace by a pin and chain, they make unique ornaments.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Modern-Antique Long Brauch Cottage.

A Long Branch letter-writer says: Mr. Victor Newcomb, formerly of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and his family, are occupying their cottage, just beyond the Elberon Hotel, which is one of the most elegantly planned and finished residences here, and as a summer home can not be surpassed. It is one of the most unique specimens of the new-fashioned old-fashioned dwellings I have yet seen. The architecture is old English, but the house is far from being so gloomy in appearance without or within as are most of the Queen Anne houses I have seen here and at Saratoga. The building is being entirely finished within in hard wood, a different kind being used in each room. In one it is mahogany, in another maple, in another the California red-wood, in another oak, and another Georgia pine. A square hall, entirely finished in oak, even the walls, and having a ceiling showing rafters of that wood, occupies the center of the first floor. The floor of this hall is tiled with red tiles, to represent a brick floor, except in the center, which is white, checked with red. The enormous fireplace has a large iron crane and other implements like the old time kitchens had. A metal screen, with colored glass panes, draws down in front of this fireplace and serves as a blower or a screen. On one side of the fireplace, provision is made for hanging a kettle in which to brew champagne punch. Champagne punch made by such an antique fireplace savors rather of an anachronism, I think. Over all the mantels in the house are fancy cupboards or shelves for bric-a-brac. I am delighted the mirror mania has died out, and one is not confronted with oneself making grimaces in the effort to do the agreeable over every chimney-piece and between every pair of windows. The entrance door of the Newcomb cottage opens horizontally half-way up, as did the old-fashioned doors when it was necessary to look out before opening all the doors to ascertain if friend or foe sought entrance. A round tower on one side further suggests the idea of a fortified castle. The main door opens into the square hall, in which the windows have small stained glass panes. Large skins of wild beasts are used as rugs upon the floor, and pictures on easels and statuary on pedestals, with some quaint chairs, complete the furniture. All the rooms have low ceilings, but high wainscotings. In some the latter extend as much as six feet above the floor. In the dining room the ceiling, as well as cornice about two feet deep immediately below the ceiling, are of cork. This material was used not only to prevent dampness, but also to defy the powers of all the flies of flytime to injure it. The spots usual in cork, however, make the ceiling look as if flies had already done their worst, as was proved by a lady saying to Mrs. Newcomb in dead sarnest, "How sorry I am to see that the flies have specked your beautiful new ceiling so badly!" The exterior of the house has picturesque gables and recess balconies and buttresses, the latter lighted with glass bull's-eyes, as are some of the gables. "Don't that gable look as if stuck full of soda-water bottles?" asked a merry visitor of me. I quite agreed with him, and expressed my regret that a rich man like Mr. Newcomb should be reduced to the necessity of stopping up the holes in his new house to keep the wind away in such a manner. In building those new-fashioned old-fashioned houses, there seems such an effort after the realistic in the reproduction that I fully expect to see in some of them broken panes stuffed up with an old-style heavy leather boot or yarn sock. The bull's-eyes, looking like the bottoms of soda-water bottles, are an instance of this realism, since they were used for stables and attics in olden times, when glass was not made by the same process as now, and these bull's-eyes were the refuse after making panes of glass and were sold cheap. Another instance of the realism is the speckled-cork ceiling of the dining-room, which so closely imitates fly-specks without being as uncleanly as the real thing. Despite the fact that they have just completed their cottage, begun over a year ago, and have built and furnished it exactly to suit them, it is quite possible that Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb will divide the larger portion of the summer between a cottage, at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, and a tour in Scotland, his physicians having recommended Mr. Newcomb to visit the latter country for his health.

An Indian Agent's Adventures.

George H. Spencer, of St. Paul, appointed agent for the Crow Creek Indians, has had quite an eventful time among the savages. He has had an experience of thirty years among the red men, speaking the Sioux language as well as he does English. He participated in the outbreak of 1862, was shot several times, dangerously wounded, taken prisoner and held for six weeks, his life being saved through the instrumentality of a friendly Indian, after whom the town of Chaska is named. When he recovered he was turned over to Gen. Sibley. Mr. Spencer was with Gen. Sibley in his expedition in 1863. The Indian Chaska, at whose death Mr. Spencer was present, has a wife named Tati, living near Mendota. Previous to the outbreak in 1862 Mr. Spencer was engaged in trading with the Indians at Big Stone Lake, near the head waters of the Minnesota, on the spot where the town of Ortonville now stands, but his store was pillaged, his property destroyed, and he left penniless. He is a native of Kentucky, and is fifty years old. His appointment was made on the recommendation of Bishop Hare.

—Miss Emma Thursby, after having made a highly successful tour in the principal cities of Germany, Austria, and the Rhine, sang in the Opera House at Madrid before the King and Queen and a brilliant court audience.

—A serious drawback—A blister between your shoulders.

—Never neglect one duty under pretence of attending to another.

How Flavoring Extracts are Made.

"There is mighty little genuine fruit extract in the sirups and flavors of commerce," the chemist of a manufacturing house said, pushing aside glass jars, strainers and retorts, so as to make a clear space for some of his books of formulas. "Natural flavors are both weak and costly. For instance, if you sugar down pineapples or strawberries you get a delightful natural sirup, but your white sugar alone will cost you eighty cents a gallon, and the fruit is expensive, as you know. The flavor is just at its proper strength and will not go a great ways in flavoring additions to the sirup; and so only a small portion of the fruit sirups and essences of commerce have any fruit about them. Smell this."

He unstopped a vial of thin, transparent liquid. It diffused a strong pineapple odor of irritating pungency.

"That," he said, "is butyric acid. Mixed with alcohol, it is the pineapple oil of commerce, and it enters into nearly every flavor manufactured and into most perfumes. It is extracted from rancid fat. The tallow oil which is the basis of artificial butter will furnish it. Another prominent ingredient of artificial flavors is amyle, which you will know better by the name of fusel oil. Some one of its compounds go into the manufacture of the flavors of pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, apricot, pear, orange and apple. Compounds of methyl, an extract of coal tar, are also much used. Succinic acid, obtained from amber; sebacic acid, extracted from fat; and benzoic acid, originally extracted from a vegetable resin, but now made from naphthaline, a coal-oil product, are also much used in various shapes. Formic acid, another ingredient, was originally derived from ants, and hence its name is derived from the Latin word for ant, *formica*. But it is now manufactured artificially. Chloroform goes into some flavors, notably grape essence, and oxalic acid goes into the bloom of gooseberry, apricot, lemon and apple. Tartaric acid is also largely used. Most of these substances are used in the form of ethers, and their strength of odor is due to their exceeding volatility."

"Are not such compounds injurious?"

"Not when used simply for flavoring purposes," was the answer. "The reason why they may be used to imitate natural flavors with such success is doubtless due to the fact that the flavors of the natural fruits are due to their presence. Butyric acid is naturally present in the pineapple, tartaric acid in wine, citric acid in lemons, and oxalic acid in gooseberries. While artificial flavors or essences would be poisonous, taken in large quantities, it does not follow that their use as flavors is injurious any more than that almonds should not be eaten because their concentrated extract is poisonous. As a matter of fact soda water flavors and candy flavors are almost invariably artificial, and the bouquet and flavor of many a bottle of wine is due to the various amylic or fusil oil ethers.

"I remember," he continued, "seeing some time ago an anecdote about a French wine-seller, who said to his son: "Always remember, my son, that wine may be made out of anything, even grape-juice." I have thought the same thing often when I have drunk the sweet cider of commerce. Of course there is a sweet cider that is made from apple-juice and it may be kept from getting hard by the addition of bisulphite of lime. But there are immense quantities of sweet cider sold that are perfectly innocent of apple-juice, and there are plenty of receipts for making it. People that know what good apple cider is are not likely to drink much of the manufactured cider, and if they did it would not hurt them, although I should not like to drink cider made from this receipt."

The chemist showed the reporter a trade receipt for cider, which called for honey, catechu (an astringent rosin), alum, yeast, bitter almonds, cloves, burnt sugar and alcohol. The receipt adds: "If too sweet, add sulphuric acid to suit the taste."

"Sulphuric acid," he said, "is not a healthful article of diet; but, as I said before, a thing may be perfectly innocent in a diluted shape and in a very small quantity that would be hurtful in a concentrated form. Odd, isn't it, that delicate flowers and perfumes should come from the refuse of the abattoir and the coal oil distillery? But a great many pleasant things have humble origin."—*New York Sun.*

The "Crowlin' Ferlies."

That horror of the true housewife, bedbugs, is abroad in the land at this season of the year, and the remedies therefor are almost as numerous as the "crowlin ferlies" themselves. Every old, experienced housekeeper has some favorite exterminator, and the druggists and grocers sell ill-smelling liquids calculated to destroy them, and all other vermin. And while the various remedies are being applied, the brains are cudgeled to discover where the pests come from.

There are many ways in which bedbugs are brought into a house, to say nothing of unlooked for resurrections from some old trunk, or long unused bed, or from a crevice or crack where, years before, a painter or paperer unconsciously entombed the tenacious little life—for bedbugs possess remarkable longevity, which seems to be a sort of sub-curse attached to an unmitigated evil. One very prolific "origin" of bedbugs is—perhaps it should be whispered—a church sociable, where, as is usually the case, wraps are laid aside in bedrooms. And a room occupied by a person who has recently come from a distance should be frequently looked after, for cushioned car-seats and sleeping-cars are often infested, and perhaps some one else's bedbugs seem a *little* worse than "natives." Horse-cars, waiting-rooms, and even church pews, harbor them, and in a place haunted by doves they are almost sure to be found. In the Southern States they are also parasites of bats, though whether this is true at the North I am unable to say.

When they are once in a room no rest should be taken until they are destroyed, root and branch; and simply "doctoring" the bedstead does not suffice. The carpet should be taken up and well shaken, the floor should be washed and the cracks in it cleaned, the walls should be brushed or wiped and every loose edge of the wall-paper and every crevice in the mop-board should be carefully examined, for bedbugs make their homes wherever they can find rest for the soles of their feet. They may even be found in window curtains and tassels, and on the under sides of furniture, and from these retreats they make their nightly raids, returning by daylight. A solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, which, it should be remembered, is as fatal to children as it is to insects, applied to all lodging places, is an old remedy, partially replaced by the safer application of kerosene, benzine, turpentine, whisky, and almost anything with a pungent, disagreeable odor. These can be applied by a small syringe, a feather, or a brush. Kerosene and turpentine retain their odor for a time, while benzine evaporates rapidly but causes danger from its readiness to take fire. Quicksilver and the whites of eggs beaten together, another old compound, is just as good with the quicksilver left out, as it only makes a varnish, which, if it covers up a bug or the eggs, is successful. A strong solution of alum and water is an excellent exterminator, and has the advantage of being safe to handle and to keep in the house. When a bedstead is found to be full of the creatures, it should be left out of doors for several days and thoroughly scalded, and then varnished, and every square inch of the mattresses should be looked at with a solemn inexorableness, for the consciousness of the presence of vermin is fatal to all sincere æsthetic aspirations.

But the ounce of prevention for all these tribulations is very simple though somewhat laborious. Once in two weeks—or four weeks at the most—the mattresses should be taken from every bedstead, which then should be thoroughly brushed and washed with hot water—slats, sockets, joints and every place where a bug could find lodgings. By following this rule it is impossible for bedbugs to become established, and this knowledge will prove to be a balm which will even assauge the dread and subsequent weariness of the work, not to mention the satisfaction of having beds free from all impurities and germs af disease.—*Springfield* (*Mass.*) *Republican.*

Bonnets and Hats.

This article is not intended for those fortunate women who are blessed with unbounded pin-money, and are hardly aware that their attire is growing shabby before it is replaced by newer articles of wear; but for girls who are obliged to dress upon a matter of fifty or sixty dollars per year, a few hints on economy may not be out of place. Judicious shopping is the first thing to be considered; as you want to get the best return for your money, never be ashamed to refuse an article at one store if you know that you can get precisely the same article a few cents less at another. Be content with durable rather than ornamental things; do not attempt to display every fashion upon your back, but choose one that has just come in, and is likely to last. First on the list of articles of wear are hats. Every lady should have a good black felt hat, round, and trimmed with a broad ribbon. You can get one for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter. They will come in for morning or any rough wear; they vary the toques in winter; and for those wet and doubtful days in spring, summer and autumn with which our variable climate abounds, they are simply invaluable. Such a hat will last two years. In summer, of course, you must have a white straw hat, but not more than one new one for a season; and the best one of the preceding year should do for common wear the next year, without a penny being expended on it. A great many shapes are not out of fashion at the end of even three seasons. Be sure to choose a shape that pleases you, and then adhere to it. If you are large, wear wide-brimmed hats whenever you can; if small, avoid them. If you can trim your own hats you will save a great deal; if you can not, learn to do so as soon as you can. Study the hats in store windows, and practice on an old one, with the assistance of some good-natured friends who can give you a hint or two. Do not be discouraged if the first attempt has a home-made look, but persevere. Feathers are too expensive to be often indulged in. But I should advise your beginning with a good white, or brown and white one. It is a great outlay, I know, but it saves in trimmings, beside giving a style to the hat or bonnet, and it outlasts a good many bunches of artificial flowers. So that I consider it the cheapest in the end. After the feather becomes too dirty for wear, it can be cleaned, say twice over, then having been dyed a dark brown it will end its days by embellishing the best winter hat. By watching the "special bargains" advertised by most merchants at the end of the season, you can buy a good one very cheap, and it will last four or five years. What I have said in regard to summer hats applies equally to winter ones. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules about shapes and prices. But if any kind of toques should be worn as much as last winter, choose one in preference to a straw or beaver hat. For with a wire shape and three-quarters of a yard of material that matches the dress you usually wear, you can easily manufacture one for a small sum, and that, together with the felt hat before mentioned, will be all that you would want for every day for the whole winter. If you can afford one of dark velvet, trimmed simply with a wing or plume, to vary the others, so much the better. Thus, at small expense, you will own a collection of hats suitable for the needs of any lady.—*Exchange.*

—Hawks and owls prey upon rats, mice and other small animals, thereby keeping them in check; while the crow prefers grubs, cut-worms and carrion to any other kind of food, and while they may occasionally rob a bird's nest or pull up a little corn, they do a thousand acts of kindness to the farmer for every one that is injurious.

—Flannel Cakes.—To two ounces of butter add one pint of hot milk to melt it, one pint of cold milk, five eggs, flour to make a stiff batter, one teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of yeast. Let it rise in a warm place two hours. Fry on a griddle and serve hot.

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—*By-and-By!*

Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—*Right-away.*

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—*I can't;*

Then fast as ever hunter ran
Chase him with bold and brave—*I can!*

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines;

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named—*I'll try!*

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—*I forgot;*

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—*I will not forget again!*

The little fox that hidden there
Among my vines is—*I don't care!*

Then let *I'm sorry*—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—*Children's Hour.*

Eugenio Mauricio Dengremont.

I wish that all the children in the world might get together some beautiful June day, and then there certainly could be nothing more charming for them than that they should all be still for a while, and listen to the wonderful violin-playing of Eugenio Mauricio Dengremont, the child-artist.

Let me tell you what I know of him. He was born March the 19th, 1866, at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. His father, having other boys, as well as girls, and being a musician in moderate circumstances, had no idea of making musicians of his children, and did not dream that the son born to him this day was so gifted. But, at the age of four, Mauricio asked his papa to teach him to play the violin. This his father did not feel inclined to do. He was himself a violin player in the theater orchestra, and felt the life of an ordinary musician an uncertain one and not desirable for his son; but the child never gave up the idea of being a violinist, and would leave his play at any time to stand near his father and eagerly watch his practice.

At last, in 1872, when the boy was six years old, his father removed to Montevideo, where he played again in the theater orchestra, whither the boy usually accompanied him. Here Mauricio begged so earnestly to study the violin that his father, taking him at his word, decided to gratify him and said:

"Well, my boy, if you begin to study the violin you will have to carry the business through."

"I shall do so, papa," said the boy; and his lessons began.

He was so small! and so much in earnest! and his father spent hours bending over the tiny figure and guiding the boy's little arm in the bowing. And now take notice, all boys and girls who "would so much love to play well, but can't bear to practice." Great as this child's natural gifts are, he at first practiced three and four hours faithfully every day. To be gifted, no doubt, makes the work easier, but a certain amount of real drudgery must be done by one who succeeds in any art, no matter how gifted he may be.

After four months' study, Mauricio could play the scales—and in thirds, also (quite difficult on the violin)—as well and as rapidly as his father; and, besides, he played so remarkably that his father discovered him to be really a genius, as his name indicated, and so he faithfully and strictly attended to the boy's teaching.

After fourteen months' study, the father decided to allow the boy to give his first concert, but fearing lest his son might not have the self-control necessary for a successful public performance, he took him to a little town—Paysander—up the river, to make trial.

The concert at Paysander entirely satisfied the father of the boy's nerve and self-command, and, returning to Montevideo, he gave his first concert there to benefit the unfortunate victims of a railroad accident. Here his playing created a great excitement, and, after that, every appearance of his in public concerts was an ovation.

Since this modest beginning in the South American town, the boy has been petted and flattered by all Europe, although he is singularly unspoiled, both son and father being of a generous nature. But I like to think of him, in his childish grace and beauty, beginning his musical career with this kindly deed. He seems to me capable of doing such a thing nobly.

After the concert in Montevideo, and a grand concert in Rio Janeiro, he left his brothers and sisters, and his mother—whose personal beauty he inherits—and went with his father to try his fortune in the Old World.

He went first to Lisbon; thence to Madrid, where he played before the King, and received no end of honors and decorations; and from there to Paris, where he gave ten concerts.

Think of it: scarcely ten years old!

From this time—1876—he had private lessons from Leonard, in Paris. These lessons hardly would have occupied more than a year, if given without a break, but they extended over a longer period, during which he traveled over all Europe, excepting Russia and Italy. Everywhere he met with great success.

Such is a meager history of this wonderful boy's child-life—enough, however, to give us hope of a glorious manhood for him, for Mauricio is not an unnaturally precocious child—a forced hot-house blossom—but a healthy, fun-loving, boyish boy, with buoyant animal spirit, and as ready for wholesome fun as for earnest study; and withal, certainly much more of a child than the average American boy of his age.

But, then, when his face is quiet, the violin under his chin, and his bow in motion, he is again something strangely above us—a true musical genius.—*St. Nicholas.*

Table Manners.

Everybody said that Fred was a bad boy at table. He spilt the salt, he upset his mug of milk, and he knocked over his glass of water. He found fault with whatever was set before him: the bread was too old, the soup too hot, the milk too rich. In fact, he never came to the table without grumbling about something, and making everybody uncomfortable. He clattered his knife and fork, and made faces. He talked loudly and acted so much like a little clown, that it made his father and mother very miserable. They often had to send him away, or punish him.

At the same time he talked a great deal about what he would do when he was a man. He used to put on his father's hat and take his cane and strut about, just to see how it would seem to be a real man.

"I hope you won't spill your soup over your jacket when you're a real man," said his little sister.

"Men don't wear jackets," Fred answered. "That's all girls know about it."

One day, when his father was late to tea, Fred slipped into his place, and began to ask the other children what they would have, in a big voice.

Presently his father came in and took Fred's seat; but he was hardly seated before he astonished Fred by pushing his plate away and snarling out that he didn't want any of that stuff. Then he twisted in his chair, and overturned a dish in his neighbor's lap. He cried out that he wanted to be helped to a big piece of cake. "Give me some marmalade, I tell you!" he roared; "I will have some; I won't eat my supper if I don't have it." And he began to eat with his mouth open. "Dipped toast," he cried, "I hate it." And he made such a horrible face that it almost caused Fred's hair to stand on end.

"He's acting just the way you do, Fred," said one of the children.

From that time Fred began to mend his table manners. He now behaves like a gentleman. He does not roar for what he wants. He does not make a mess on the tablecloth. He does not slop his milk about. He does not get spots on his clothes, or tip over backwards in his chair. You would never know but he was already a grown man.—*Mary N. Prescott, in Our Little Ones.*

The Lad and the Man.

As the boy begins, so the man will end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teachers into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade, and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answer inside of the truth, already counts friends who will last all his life, and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountains; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Pruning Deciduous Trees.

As a general rule, the less shade trees are pruned the better. Nature will form a better top and a more harmonious tree in all its parts than art. Severe pruning is no longer practiced even in fruit orchards by our best horticulturists. The custom that formerly prevailed, of pruning evergreens and other trees, so as to make top-shaped, ovate and other fantastic tops, is no longer regarded as good taste. If you want a tree with a low spreading top, plant one that grows that way. If you want an ovate or pyramidal top, plant a tree that will make such a top, but do not attempt to force trees to assume different forms from those which nature gives them. Each tree treated in this way is a standing lie, and proclaims to every passer-by the folly of its owner.

The true idea is to make each species assume as nearly as possible the typical form of that species. To do this, some pruning is sometimes necessary. If trees are not crowded—if each one has room enough for the air and sunlight to have free access to it on all sides, it will round out and develop its full proportions, and if it does not actually attain it, will approximate its typical form. Where the lower limbs are in the way, of course they must be sacrificed, but where they are not, leave them and you will have a finer and more thrifty tree. If a limb, as is often the case with the elm in our dry soil, extends beyond the rest, absorbing the strength and destroying the symmetry of the tree, it should be cut back while yet small.

The soft maple often throws out limbs that have no firm attachment to the body, and will sooner or later split off; these should be removed while small. The idea of cutting back the top of a soft maple, or any other tree, to prevent it from becoming top heavy, is fallacious; it relieves for the time but makes it worse afterwards. If a soft maple, as some of them will do, breaks bodily, and continues to do so, it is better to remove it and plant another in its place. Severe pruning lowers the vitality of any ordinary tree, making it less able to bear the drouth and heat of summer, and the cold of winter, and leaving it an easy prey to borers and other noxious insects.

As a strong man is able to resist disease, so a vigorous tree is able to resist the attacks of its enemies, while a feeble one succumbs.

So far as possible all limbs should be removed while small. It is rarely necessary to cut a large limb from a tree that has been properly cared for.—*Dr. J. T. Stewart.*

—A witness was on the stand in an illegal liquor sale case. The counsel was trying to find out in what kind of a glass the liquor was handed to the witness in, and at last exclaimed: "What kind of a looking glass was it?" "Begorra, sor, it was not a looking-glass at all, it was a tumbler."

—"I've often heard of the fruits of marriage," said Bubbles, when informed that he was the father of twins; "but I most seriously protest against having those fruits presented to me in the shape of pairs."